THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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Here and There.

THE Earl of Derby has declined the post of leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords.

A true bill has been found against Prince Pierre Buonaparte, who will take his trial for murder about a month hence.

Chez un libraire, à Londres :—

"Voulez-vous me donner la *Constitution* des Français?"

"Monsieur, nous ne tenons pas de publications périodiques."

"How do you like that?" asked a pianiste, after executing one of those dreary *tours-de-force* so popular in this unmelodious age. "Oh, charming," sighed the listener. "You wouldn't believe how difficult it is." "Would to heaven," muttered the victim, "that it had been impossible!"

BETSY JANE.—Is that your papa?
ANN MARIA.—Yes.
BETSY JANE.—And your little brother's papa?
ANN MARIA.—Yes.
BETSY JANE (scornfully).—We're a deal better off. *Each* of us has a different papa.

"Waiter, this bit of turbot is not so good as that you gave us last Sunday." Waiter—"Beg pardon, Sir; off the same fish, Sir."

Un critique d'art demandait hier à un peintre d'animaux s'il avait placé ses derniers tableaux.

"Non," dit le peintre, avec un soupir; "je fais des chiens qui ne rapportent pas."

Milliners' photographs from the Bois de Boulogne:—"An entire costume of black velvet, trimmed with Spanish lace and sable; a ceinture of coral-coloured corded silk, with the ends cut in two Vandyke points; black velvet hat, with plume of black feathers. A jupe of deep turquoise blue silk, with satin strips; a deep flounce of the same cut in Vandykes at each edge, the flounce fastened on by a narrow band of sable. An over-jupe and jacket in velvet, the same colour, trimmed with sable; a bonnet of blue velvet, with sable trimming, a piece coming round under the chin. An under-jupe, jacket, and hat of drab velvet; the over-jupe of sky-blue velvet, festooned with sable; a blue ostrich feather in the hat. Another day the same lady wore an entire costume of black velvet, hat and muff *en suite*, the whole being trimmed with ruchings of pheasants' feathers. An entire costume of sapphire blue velvet, trimmed with a rich fringe; hat of blue velvet, with deep crimson rose; another of chesnut velvet with chinchilla trimming, a band of the same round the hat; another of sapphire blue, the two skirts and sleeves being velvet with satin stripes of the same colour, the body, basque, and hat being all velvet, the whole trimmed with grey fox. A jupe of brown velvet with three flounces of the same, the top jupe and jacket of fine cloth of a light feuille-morte shade, braided with gold, brown velvet hat, ostrich feather the same colour speckled with gold; another jupe of brown velvet, with over-jupe and tight fitting body of cloth the same colour, trimmed with bands of velvet, also velvet sleeves, brown felt hat trimmed with velvet. Then there was a beautifully braided cloth costume, plum colour, with sable trimmings; also a steel-coloured costume in velvet, beautifully trimmed with the blue fox."

Inscription on an old pot of (French) mustard—

Je réveille
A merveille
Un petit
Appétit.

Which might be laconically rendered—I excite appetite.

What undecided weather; one hardly knows whether it be weather or no.

Suzanne Lagier is learning English, with a view to appearing at the Alhambra.

It is not yet settled by what name the new French 25 franc pieces are to be known. It was at first proposed to call them "Emperors," but the idea was abandoned, in consequence of the dread of seeing inscribed over the *Bureaux de Change*—"Emperors changed here."

Un propriétaire à un indigent qui ne peut pas lui payer son terme:—

"Je vous ferai voir de quel bois je me chauffe!"

Le locataire.—"Hélas! si vous pouviez me le faire voir dans ma cheminée!"

The wolves have been driven by the severity of the weather to approach the various towns and villages in the mountainous portions of France. At Delle, Haut-Rhin, the station-master was attacked by one, and was obliged to defend himself vigorously to escape from the starving animal, which tore his clothes to pieces.

On Thursday, an action for libel was brought by Dr. Williams, of Brook Street, Grosvenor-Square, against the Duchess of Somerset, for reflecting upon his professional character in connection with his treatment of the son of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. An ample retraction and apology were made, and a verdict entered for the plaintiff—damages, five guineas.

Hier un ivrogne décrivant la plus capricieuse des lignes serpentines, s'écrait:

"Moi, quand je suis à sec, je suis esclave, mais quand j'ai bu je suis affranchi."

"Affranchi de quoi?"

"De la ligne droite. Le zigzag, c'est l'idéal."

There was a heavy fall of snow in Roxburghshire on Thursday on the Cheviot and Lammermoor hills. The accumulation of snow on the hills is considerable, and the sheep are suffering severely from the cold.

It is said that the editorship of the *Débats* is likely to fall vacant shortly, in consequence of the exaltation of M. Prevost Paradol to another sphere.

The Earl of Clarendon has consented to receive a deputation from the London merchants, on the subject of the new convention with China, on Monday next, the 28th inst.

A travers "le Chercheur" de l'*Histoire*:

Une jeune cocotte lisait un roman qui lui donnait une émotion délicieuse.

"Oh! oui, disait-elle, c'est adorable d'aimer; mais, voilà, on n'a pas le temps."

The London correspondent of the *North British Mail* states that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is a member of the Marlborough Club, which was recently established, and that two gentlemen whose names figure in the Mordaunt case are also members. The Prince some little time since intimated that he must decline to associate with the gentlemen in question for the future, certainly until the divorce suit instituted by Sir Charles Mordaunt against his wife had been disposed of. The intimation reached the ears of the committee of the Marlborough, and they put their heads together as to what had better be done under the circumstances. The result of their deliberations was that the names of the two members in question were "scratched," to use a sporting phrase, and they have ceased to be members of the club.

Une petite fille occupée à faire une paire de pantouffles en tapisserie pour la fête de son grand-père, disait à une de ses amies.

"Ah! tu es bien heureuse, toi! ton bon papa n'a qu'une jambe.

Mr. Bernal Osborne has been elected for Waterford, by a majority of eight. The Hon. Auberon Herbert defeated Mr. Digby Seymour for Nottingham, by 285.

A number of the parishioners of St. George's Church, Hanover-square, have suggested that the causes why the church has ceased to attract congregations were the unseemly and bad arrangements of the interior, the infrequency and length of the services, and the infrequency of the celebration of the Eucharist, and the consequent loss of the resources of the offertory. The following significant passage occurs at the close of their memorial: "We indulge a sanguine hope that if there were continual services in St. George's for all—some plain, some choral, with good music, such as the church, with its fine organ, can now command—this comparatively empty church would be filled with worshippers from every class of the large parish for whose religious benefit it was built, and that the offertory would extract from their willing hearts an income equal to that which the exclusive system of pew-rents ever yielded, and far exceeding the reduced amount which it now with difficulty supplies." The document is signed by Lord Londesborough, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Templemore, Lord Warren de Tabley, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Bath, Dr. W. W. Gull, and the Dean of York.

On reprochait à Mademoiselle L——, une pêche resse blonde fort connue, sa longue intimité avec un petit crevé, dont la sottise incurable est passée à l'état d'aphorisme dans le monde de la galanterie.

"Permettez," répondit l'aimable enfant. "Ce cher X—— a perdu en quelques mois trois oncles par suite d'une épidémie de famille. Nous mangeons ensemble leurs héritages respectables, et rien ne m'empêchera de lui trouver de l'esprit—jusqu'au bout des oncles!"

On Tuesday night W. Cook, jun., the Champion, and J. Roberts, jun., played a match at Pyramid, the best of 21 games, for 25*l.* a-side, at the Prince of Wales's Hotel, Paddington. Betting was even—Roberts, for choice. Play commenced at seventeen minutes past eight, and, although Roberts got away and reached six against his opponent's three, Cook won the game off the balls. In the second they arrived at four all, and Roberts this time took the liberty of winning "hand over hand." He also scored the third, fourth, and fifth games, Cook making one ball only in each. In the third Roberts put together a break of four, in the fourth a break of six, and in the fifth a break of five: 10 to 8 offered on Roberts. Then Cook won the sixth, after running in, Roberts scoring the seventh, which made the games—Roberts five, Cook two. The latter now lessened the gap by winning the eighth by one, the ninth by one, and the tenth at eight balls against Roberts's owe one. In the eighth game Roberts got seven against five, and in the ninth seven against six, and both times Cook managed to pull through: score, five games all. The eleventh Roberts began by taking six balls right off, and in the twelfth he ran up seven at a break, winning the eleventh at eight against three, and the twelfth at eight against one, so that he was again two a-head. The thirteenth fell to Cook, who, after Roberts had made four, contributed six balls at a break, and afterwards scored game against his opponent's five. The fourteenth was won by Roberts at eight against five, and the fifteenth by Cook at eight against four, Cook also getting home first in the sixteenth by a ball. The seventeenth was a love game, Cook beginning by a run in, off which Roberts scored one. Cook then got a ball, and Roberts won off the next break, taking seven. In the eighteenth heat Roberts made a mistake, and suffered for it, Cook taking six balls and winning, so that the score was now "nine all." Roberts won the nineteenth game by eight against three, and it seemed as if the twentieth would fall to Cook, as he got four balls against one. Roberts, however, dashed in with four, then two, and finished the game with another single, the winner of the match by two games, after 2 hours 4 min. play.

On Wednesday night W. Cook, jun., and J. Bennet played 1000 up, even, at Bayswater. Eventually Cook won by 186, Bennet getting to 814 only.

The ex-Champion and Dufton played, on Thursday night, a match of 1000 up, the last-named receiving 250 points. At 9.25 Dufton made 44, whilst Roberts ran up a 42, and shortly afterwards the marker called the game—Roberts 913, Dufton 986. The ex-Champion then added 38 and Dufton reached 990, when he let in Roberts, who failed to score, and Dufton finished the game off the balls, the full score being—Dufton, 1001, Roberts 951. The game occupied 3 hours 45 minutes.

On the same evening the Billiard Markers' Association took a crowded benefit at the Canterbury Hall. Several of the crack players showed their form in the billiard room. Morris beat Hinton 250 up by 98; Stanmers, receiving 2 balls beat Richards 4 games out of 5 at Pyramids; H. Evans, after some fine play, beat A. Hughes by 20. Bennet, Cook, Roberts, and Dufton were all elsewhere engaged, but they appeared late. The Association is a charitable institution, and will do good to a class of men but little supported.

In the House.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18th.—In the Lords, Earl Delawarr called the attention of the Government to the disregard shown to the health of the troops, in the bungling manner in which the Indian reliefs were conducted, citing the case of the 21st Fusileers, which had been decimated by fever and cholera, consequent on their being sent to Kurachee late in March, instead of at an earlier and healthier period of the relief season; and he now heard that, regardless of that warning, the 83rd Regiment were under orders for India, so as to arrive in April this year, when he supposed that we should have a repetition of this frightful mortality. Lord Northbrook assured their Lordships that the case of the 21st Fusileers had been much exaggerated, and such sickness as had prevailed was not especially referable to the time of year. As to the 83rd Regiment, it must take its chance, matters could not be altered now. He was not indifferent to the sanitary condition of the troops, although "*the health of the army was not primarily a matter for which the Secretary of State for War was responsible*" *(sic)*. With small hope of an answer, we respectfully ask who is responsible? Nevertheless, the Lords murmured (hear, hear), so that we presume they were satisfied with the explanation. The Lord Chancellor brought in his Bill for the better Regulation of Judicial Jurisdiction—a matter highly important, but not lively reading, so we content ourselves with stating that the Bill was read the first time.

In the Commons, among sundry notices of motions, Mr. Dawson Damer, *àpropos de l'affaire Mordaunt*, we presume, intended on an early day to ask the Government if they thought it conducive to public morality that full reports should be published of the indecent revelations in the Divorce Court.

Capt. White asked if it was true that O'Donovan Rossa had had a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails; and, if so, why? Mr. Bruce said that the M.P. for Tipperary had not been flogged. (Deep sighs of regret from all sides of the House).

Mr. Hanbury Tracy asked if Government intended to utilise soldiers in time of peace in the working of the telegraph system—to which Capt. Vivian gave a very satisfactory reply in the affirmative. A long and uninteresting debate on the Diplomatic and Consular Services ensued, and then the East India (Laws and Regulations) Bill was read a second time.

Mr. Goschen introduced his Bill for the better equalisation of Poor Rates in the Metropolitan Parishes; and Mr. Plimsoll's Railway Hot-water Bottle Bill was also read a first time, and the House then rose.

Monday, February 21st.—Sir G. Jenkinson announced that he had a bone to pick with the Government about the released Fenian convicts and other kindred matters, and whether the reported seditious utterings of Mr. Butt were quite consistent with his title of Q.C.

Mr. Stapleton put a question as to the reported case of flogging girls in a jute factory at Barking; and Mr. Bruce replied that he had enquired into it. The lady overseer of the factory girls had certainly used strap oil to a girl named Hannah Andrews, and Hannah's mother had given the lady overseer a black eye; so it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Corporal punishment was doubtless illegal, but Government could not, consistently with its dignity, mix itself up with these rows among the women.

Mr. Bruce moved the second reading of his Mines Regulation and Inspection Bill, and the debate which ensued was by no means deficient in interest. The principal points seemed to be the non-employment of children below a certain age, and better regulations as to the elder children and women. Some curious facts came to light in the course of the debate. Mr. Atkinson, a colliery inspector, had stated that there was one colliery in his district in which, in order to give a most cursory inspection of it, he would have to travel 88 miles, and half that distance he would have to go with his back bent double—(pleasant for the inspectors). Dr. Playfair stated that colliery accidents largely increased in number after the year 1815, when Sir Humphrey Davy discovered his safety lamp, and that now the average death-rate from mining accidents was not much more than that from street accidents in London. Mr. Pease made a few sensible remarks, among which he defended the miners from the general impression abroad respecting their benighted ignorance. Mr. Bruce had stated that he should not like to meet a dozen boys coming from a mine, and to ask them with any hope of a favourable result, to read a passage from any standard English author. (Nor should we, in the face of the probable response, "Eave 'arf a brick at him.") But Mr. Pease would feel no apprehension as to the result of such an experiment. Mr. Liddell and Mr. Roden seemed alarmed at the responsibility fixed by the Bill upon mine owners and managers. The latter gentleman added that the clause was so drawn that the owners themselves—many members of that House, and even Lord Granville in the House of Lords—might, under it, be sent to prison for three months (upon which the House inconsequently cried "hear, hear," as if that was not a bad idea).

A long debate on Local Taxation, introduced by Mr. Goschen, brought the evening's sitting to a close at midnight.

Tuesday, February 22nd.—The Lords did a good stroke of work this evening, by reading a second time Lord Chelmsford's Sunday Trading Bill.

In the Lower House, Mr. Candlish gave notice of an utterly impracticable and impossible motion for the further reduction of the national debt. Mr. Alderman Lawrence gave notice of a motion to abolish the house tax, and Mr. Muntz to abolish the purchase system in the army.

In reply to Sir G. Jenkinson, Mr. Bruce gave a satisfactory explanation of the public reception that had been given to the returned Fenian convicts; and as to Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., the Lord Chancellor had his eye on him, and if he had used any improper language he would be sure to catch it.

Mr. Cross introduced a sensible Bill to render void the sale of next presentations to benefices. He held that the right to present to a living was a serious public trust, which the patron should not be allowed to evade in consideration of a money payment. A man may legally purchase or sell property to which the right of voting is attached; but he cannot hold the property and sell the right to vote without being guilty of bribery. In the same way with right of presentation, the patron should only be allowed to part with it by selling the advowson also. So long as the patron held the advowson, so long was he bound to exercise the right of presentation as a public trust. Next presentations in the hands of the Crown, the Lord Chancellor, Universities, Bishops, or Corporations could not be sold; why, therefore, should lay patrons have the power of doing what was barred by statute in the instances named? It was a scandal to the Church—(and so thinks the M. A. T.)

Mr. Cowper-Temple moved to introduce a Bill for the improvement and protection of commons and waste lands near cities and towns, and their preservation for the use and recreation of the public. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Peek moved to take off the toll at Chelsea New Bridge; but so far as we could see, he only succeeded in making out a case for the land and house proprietors of Battersea, who would have their property improved thereby; and for the working men going to their work across the river, and on whom the imposition of a daily toll amounted to a tax of 2 per cent. on their wages. Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Brodrick supported the motion. Mr. Anderson, on behalf of his constituency, grudged the constant outlays of public money on London. If London wanted a free bridge at Chelsea, let London pay for it. There were bridges at Glasgow, and if they wanted to abolish the tolls Glasgow would have to "pay for its own whistle." Why not London? Why should the national exchequer do for Battersea what it wadna do for Broomielaw? Mr. Ayrton thought the matter rested on quite a practical and not a sentimental ground. Under powers from Parliament money was borrowed to build a bridge and make a park at Battersea, and no sooner was the bridge built, which he might call the thin end of the wedge, than constant agitations were got up to get the national exchequer in some way or other to wipe out the debt, and make a present of the bridge to the metropolis, otherwise the thick end of the wedge. The opinion of the House for the last ten years had been that the public faith should be maintained, and that money borrowed should be paid back, and he asked the House to adhere to this policy. It was highly injurious to the cause of improvement for members to get some local improvement effected on borrowed capital, and then agitate to have their liabilities transferred to the shoulders of the Government. He wouldn't have it. The House thought so too, and yelled to Mr. Peek to withdraw his motion; but the hon. member's resistance to the general voice was as strong as his own tea, and he insisted on going to a division, when he was righteously defeated by 162 to 21.

It became known to-day that the Conservatives in the Upper House are again as sheep without a shepherd. Lord Cairns having resigned and gone to Mentone, and Lord Derby having refused to assume the leadership, ministers of course will be too generous to take any advantage of the state of anarchy in the enemy's camp at present prevailing, and which it is to be hoped will soon be reduced to something like order under the rule of the Marquis of Salisbury, about the only noble lord on the Opposition benches really qualified for the post, and who it is hoped will be moved by pity for his forlorn party, if from no higher considerations, to take command of the rudderless ship.

Wednesday, February 23rd. — The morning sitting was occupied with a short debate on the second reading of Mr. Cave's Life Assurance Bill. The honourable member for Horsham stigmatised the foundation, transference, and amalgamation of many assurance offices as "a cold-blooded system of wholesale robbery," an opinion in which the House generally appeared to coincide; and with the example of the Albert before our eyes, we are fain to agree with Mr. Lowe, who, while agreeing with the provisions of the bill as far as they went, was very severe on its shortcomings, and thought that the only way to ensure perfect security in life assurance would be for the Gouernment to undertake the business; and if the House thought so too, he would himself enter upon the task. However, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the House thought they would take Mr. Cave's measure while they could get it, and passed the bill into Committee.

Mr. Rathbone's Attorneys Remuneration Bill passed the second reading.

Thursday, February 24th.—Lord Derby presented a petition from the electors of Bridgewater, complaining grievously of the conduct of the Election Inquiry Commissioners, which, it was stated, had been violent, insulting, and injudicial, and that Mr. Chisholm Anstey in particular had been making a fool of himself.

In the Commons, however, in answer to Mr. Pemberton, the Solicitor-General said that nine prosecutions for bribery were on foot, three of them upon the recommendation of these same violent and injudicial gentlemen; so that Bridgewater has got further trouble in store.

The usual crop of unimportant questions and motions came before the House; but the only important fact of the day was the second reading of Mr. Cardwell's War Office Reconstruction Bill.

"Justice to Oireland" again. Mr. O'Reilly Dease, on the names of the Committee appointed on the Diplomatic and Consular Services Bill being read, complained of the monstrous outrage to Ireland involved in the absence of an Irish name among the number. Mr. Gladstone was civil enough to notice this folly by a brief reply. But, no doubt, the House silently agreed with Miss Jollyby that, like Borrioboolah-gha, Ireland is a beast.

We rejoice to see at the last moment that that agreeable buffoon, Mr. Bernal Osborne, has been returned for Waterford.—(Wot larks, Pip!)

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 3.

From the Odd Man Out to the Man About Town.

MY DEAR MAN,—I trust that this piece of paper will find you in better health than it leaves me in. You have no notion what extraordinary things the east wind—which, I need scarcely remind you, has been exceedingly prevalent lately—has been doing with my liver. I won't shock you with detailed accounts of the various medical remedies I have resorted to—Holloway's Pills—to say nothing of that unparalleled person's Ointment—combined with Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica, and Scott's Anti-bilious Pills, all washed down with a decoction obtained at the British College of Health, have failed to restore me to my proper condition. I wish you would tell me in confidence the secret which enables you to make merry every week in your sprightly leader. How *do* you do it? You know not. Ah! you know not anything but peaceful calm. Do you always back the winner? Are all your days marked white? For you never go to dinner more proudly than to write. I don't believe you have a political conscience, as I have. You have no idea what an interest I take in the progress of my country. I assure you I view with alarm—considerable alarm—the shocking stinginess of the Government. I am not in the habit myself of paying taxes—I am not in a position to do so. I wish I was—and therefore I cannot understand why those who do enjoy that luxury can allow the Chancellor of the Exchequer to go on in this cheap and nasty way. As a Constitutionalist, I cannot understand this modern innovation of not making people pay for everything as much as possible. I am authorised to state that my tailor perfectly agrees with me. He complains that a good many people never pay him at all. Now, I am extremely fond of seeing flowers in the Park—of noble monuments to great persons recently deceased, whether in Leicester Square or in South Kensington—of Halls of Arts and Sciences—of an expensively accoutred army—of any amount of iron-clads—and I certainly think that those who have the opportunity and capability of paying rates and taxes (which I have not) ought not to grumble. One thing I confess I am rather struck with, and that is the magnanimity of Mr. Lowe, in not proposing to cut down his own salary and that of his colleagues. I am glad to think he is above any measures of that kind. Can't you fancy the faces in the Cabinet, if anything of the sort was proposed? Mr. Bright would have to forego a new salmon rod, and Mr. Bruce would think twice before he took a cab, flag, ticket and all. By the bye, did it ever occur to you to enquire what the Cabinet is made of, and what it looks like? I always think of a *Cabinet particulier* at a Paris restaurant, and imagine a delicate repast helped down with *Sillery sec* and *Cos D'Estournel*. Perhaps, however, that is to enquire too curiously.

I paid seven shillings a few evenings ago, and received in exchange permission to sit in a stall at the Queen's Theatre, and witness a drama in blank verse (*very* blank some of it), entitled *'Twixt Axe and Crown*. I certainly came away a wiser, if not a better, man. I felt that I had hitherto quite misapprehended certain historical points. Really, my dear Man, what with Mr. Froude and what with Mr. Tom Taylor, I am convinced that the sooner we give up History the better. I am quite prepared to coincide in the view popularly ascribed to the First Napoleon, viz., that History is only a fable agreed upon—only I wish to goodness people would look sharp and agree, and have done with it. One thing, however, I will say, and it is this: I shall ever look back upon Queen Elizabeth with kindlier feelings when I remember Mrs. Rousby's sweet and graceful impersonation of that royal, but somewhat ambiguous individual.

Shall I say anything about what has been in your mind, and my mind, and everybody's mind, lately—that hideous story that the columns of the free and noble British press have recently recorded in all its revolting details with a minuteness that Holywell Street is powerless to imitate? No. These are matters too nauseous and too miserable for the criticism of your not over-squeamish friend,

The Odd Man Out.

[N.B.—This letter can be scarcely said to be *intercepted*; it was only marked *private*.]

Our Prize Rhymes.

Prize Word—No. XVIII.—Relic.

First—

As I was inspecting a relic at
Köln, that emporium of stenches,
I saw, close at hand, the most delicate,
Artless, engaging of wenches.

Seduced by her beauty to linger, I
Ceased to have eyes for the relic;
Leaving petrified nails, toe and fingery,
To gaze at the maiden angelic.

O Dick Alone.

Second—

No doubt you have read,
Or at least heard it said,
On behalf of old people before they were dead,
What a sure and safe perch
Was the once Romish Church;
For mounting and leaving the De'il in the lurch!
Having stored up their frailties, as if in a granary,
They got them absolved by a sort of chicanery.

For, no matter the pace
He 'd been running his race,
Without so much left as a blush on his face,
The orthodox knew
What course to pursue,
On seeing, at last, that his end was in view:
He goes off to Rome, where he kisses a relic,
And forthwith he finds himself pure and "angelic."

Caldbergh.

Third—

A SENTIMENTAL DUOLOGUE.

He.

"Dearest" (the lover fondly cries),
"I love you, oh! so madly,
And for a smile from thy bright eyes
I' d hang myself, oh! gladly."

She.

"You foolish man, reflect awhile;
Such silly thoughts do smother,
For, if I granted but one smile,
You 'd never see another."

He.

"Oh! but to touch the rosy tips
That grace thy taper fingers!
Oh! but to kiss thy luscious lips,
I 'd give thee—give—(thought lingers.)"

She.

"You 'd give me—now you do speak sense.
The thought—let naught supplant it;
You wish again (give gold immense),
And then I 'm sure to grant it."

He.

"I 'll give for this one tress of hair,
So wavy, so angelic,
A hundred pounds—I will, I swear,
And keep it as a relic."

She.

"No, no, my dear, my heart's fond joy!
It is not worth the trouble;
But here you are—come now, old boy,
I 'll sell the lot for *double*."

Mancunian.

My stepson Jack is very saucy,
And always cheeks me when alone.
His back the whip I 'll lay across: he
Will then begin to change his tone.
The rascal told his father's relic
To lead me such a precious dance;
So with a horse-whip him I 'll well lick
Every time I get a chance.

Professor.

To a bit of quaint wood my wife kneels,
As sacred—nay, calls it angelic!
'Tis strange such devotion she feels
For what is at best but a relic.

Hawk.

There 's a drama called "Chil-peric,"
Now attracting all the town;
Hervé's music is angelic,
Worthy of a floral crown.

'Spite of changes atmospheric,
Giving ev'rybody chills—
Needing Rowland's skin cosmetic—
The Lyceum nightly fills.

Sensations have a charm magnetic,
Sober plays they seldom "cast."
Shakspere is the single relic
Of the heroes of the past.

Years ago, the poet Herrick
Had a name for verses sweet;
Now sensation 's epidemic
Never "scan" his "dripping feet."

We build ship and floating derrick,
Range the world from pole to pole,
Sleep at Dover, dine at Berwick,
Playing such a restless rôle.

Shattered nerve and fit choleric
Are the penalties *we* pay;
Ladies suffer with hysteric
From these follies of the day.

Templar.

May we soon send
The Grecian bend
With many a relic
Of fashion's sway
Far, far away
To regions angelic.

Goose Quill.

There 's a town in the Queen's County known as Mount Mellick,
Which gives you a rhyme for your prize word of relic.

But a better rhyme for relic
Will be in the word "angelic."

The Church of Rome
Is very bellic-
Ose
With those
Who scorn a relic.

The ancient chronicles of England tell *Ich Dien* of Creçy's victory is a relic.

Tip.

Ποῦ δὲ οἱ καλοί εἰσιν, ἢ αἱ καλαί;
ὀστᾶ μόνον ὁρῶ, καὶ κρανία τῶν
σαρκῶν γυμνά, ὅμοια τὰ πολλά.

Menippus.

Form angelic
Gone,
Only relic
Bone.

TO THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Oh! gemini, gemmen gemellic,
We muse on the moral that 's in you;
And rejoice that we still have a relic
That brotherly love may continue.

Anadilus.

Mr. "Man About Town," the word *telic*—
"Relating to the purpose or end"—
Appears to rhyme fairly with "*relic*."
May I trust? Might I hope? Must I send
For the prize (which to Genius you offer)
A porter, cart, waggon, or boat?
Is it aught one can keep in a coffer,
Or something to sell like a vote?

Query.

TO MY DOG.

My trusty dog, come, take this bone,
And round and round it well lick;
And when it grey and old has grown,
I'll sell it as a relic.

Do men (they're *savans* call'd in Gaul)
Who, from its shape (dumb-bell), Ic-
Thyosaurus then will it call;
Or thigh-bone of a pelic-

An, who walk'd this earth in ages past,—
Perhaps the age bucolic;
And thus the bone, now thy repast,
Becomes a sacred relic!

If some stray cur of low degree
And disposition belic-
Ose, seize the bone and fight with thee,
Him, too, I hope you 'll well lick.

Borus.

I sought a rhyme for relic
On the sides and top of Helic-
On, and meeting there a pelic-
An, I bowed before his beak.

I asked for his advice, I did;
I begged it once or twice, I did;
The fowl looked far from nice, it did;
But yet it did not speak.

My nerves began to vellic-
Ate, his aspect grew so bellic-
Ose; my downward flight was helic-
Oid; I thought no more of relic.

I'd my rhyme and reason riven,
By my narrow, narrow squeak.

Colney Hatch.

To rhyme with relic
I think only of Herrick;
That poet of old
Of whom we are told,
Tho' a priest in full orders,
Amidst the disorders
Of the revolution
And much execution,
For the time being
He lost his living.

Fanny.

Competition Papers received from—Newton Heath; Bis.; Clarior; Violet; Og; G.; S. S. P.; Vainhope; Mary L.; Lascar; Remnant; Nierlina; Gracie; Schoolboy; Noirmont.

Prize Word—No. XIX.—Violet.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sea Cove.—The Cove is a lady, and, what is more remarkable, the Sea Cove landed. Bendimere was the runner-up—there is no *second* in coursing—and very nearly the *Windermere*.

'Twixt Axe and Crown.—Elizabeth. We had almost committed ourselves to saying *Queen* Elizabeth and St. Mary Axe.

Milk.—Rum, too. The early bird catches it warm.

Pinguis.—Terence; not the Irish author of that name, but Publius Terentius Afer, of Rome.

Whistling Oyster.—There is not, we believe, any such club now existing. The Singing Wink and the Humming Mussel are institutions of a different character.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Covent Garden.—Lischen and Fritzchen—The Yellow Dwarf. Seven

Drury Lane.—The Wife—At Seven. Beauty and the Beast. Nine.

Haymarket.—Popping the Question—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin.

Princess's.—Formosa—Seven; After Dark. Nine.

Adelphi.—Open to Conviction—At a Quarter to Eight: Not Such a Fool as He Looks—The Nightingale. Seven.

Lyceum.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—At Half-past Seven; Chilpéric. Half-past Eight.

Olympic.—Little Em'ly—At Seven: The Princess. Half-past Nine

Globe.—If the Cap Fits—At Half-past Seven: Philomel—At Ten: Lord Bateman. Seven.

St. James's.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage—An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

Strand.—The Heir-at-Law—Toodles—Ino. Seven.

Prince of Wales's.—School—At Eight: Quite byAccident; Dearest Mamma.

Gaiety.—The Happy Village—Seven: Uncle Dick's Darling—At a Quarter to Eight: Wat Tyler. Quarter to Ten.

New Queen's.—Quick March—At Seven: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. At a Quarter past Eight.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

I DO not know a much more wretched way of passing an hour than getting rid of it, either as plaintiff, defendant, or spectator, "in Court." Once only, when that noble-minded baker, Lord Romilly, delivered a judgment—a masterpiece of learning—in my favour, have I a recollection of leaving any of those wig-boxes without depression and disappointment. Court, like Paradise, is difficult enough to enter; but it is also disappointing when reached, and, in Basinghall Street at least, hard to get through. It is commonly hot, crowded, unsavoury. The dry technicalities and dreary oratory of his Lordship and the large majority of the bar outweigh a thousand-fold the rare flashes of fun produced by brother Feeblewit or Mr. Sparkler, Q.C.; and even the great Muddlestone grows tame on prolonged acquaintance.

Judging from the connection between the attendance and the character of the proceedings, I am driven to the conviction that the one questionable advantage which compensates the public for the heat, crowding, and general barrenness of the proceedings, is the off chance of hearing something unfit for publication.

Except on this hypothesis, it would surely be impossible to account for the audience which daily assembles to listen to the very melancholy drama now being played in the Divorce Court, which, if ever court were black, should go into mourning.

Next to permitting such monstrous revelations—may we not say inventions—to come into court at all, must surely be ranked the offence of sitting and listening to such undignified horrors as have lately polluted Westminster Hall. It is inconceivable that any persons, except that engaging class which loves lords and adultery separately, but adores them mixed, could voluntarily pass one hour under the shadow of Lord Penzance's wig during the last ten days.

The question of publication is not so easily disposed of; but it must surely be admitted that journals which print the whole of the details of such *causes célèbres* as the Mordaunt case should not throw stones. Printers, publishers, readers, and listeners have each in his way something to answer for.

Surely a stranger simile was seldom heard than that put forth by the Hon. Auberon Herbert in the market place of Nottingham on his nomination. He compared that bold and brazen Borough, then coyly hesitating between himself and Mr. Digby Seymour, to a "charming young lady" with two rival suitors. The lambs must have been as much puzzled and flattered by such a compliment as though a brandy-faced virago of a fishfag had been likened, by some enthusiastic R.A., to a Madona.

Their graceful agitation was plainly manifested later on, as, when the successful candidate again referred to "Miss Nottingham," and the lasting engagement he had contracted with her, a shower of "large paving boulders" were discharged at the hustings. It is to be hoped that the playful method of demonstrating her affection displayed by his newly-found mistress will not shake Mr. Herbert's faith in his bride. It is equally to be hoped that that young lady may prove herself worthy the choice of a man I must say I believe to be too good for her. The affection and confidence of a good, honest man, O Miss Maypole! is not to be slighted; and let us hope that the coquetting and flirting with strange gentlemen for which you have, it must be said, displayed a predilection, will be henceforth discontinued. I congratulate you heartily on not having thrown yourself away upon the "rival suitor" to whom your *fiancé* referred. Strange gentlemen of independent means, my dear, even though they can dismember a bullock, and "look grand" in Recorder's robes, are not—however suitable for Galway—at all the men for Nottingham. It is impossible for any one to disagree more heartily than I do with Mr. Herbert; but I am glad he has won his bride, with whom I wish him joy and —patience.

The story of a ghostly mail coach—even supposing it to have carried while alive the dead letters—was considered rather a daring innovation on romantic ground. The boot, the red-faced guard, the one o'clock ordinary, and other adjuncts to the Highflyer were not unnaturally considered rather material objects for spiritualism to deal with; and it is probable that in any less delicate hands the memorable Journey of the Bagman's Uncle would not have been—believed. But the ghost of a railway train! a shadowy engine, an immaterial tender, an insubstantial stoker! Most wonderful of all, a ghostly line of cars in America! One would as soon expect to hear of Baron Rothschild inditing an Ode to a Daisy. Yet this phenomenon has occurred on the Boston and Lowell line, where, in consequence, as is surmised, of the violent death of a man some two years ago, a spectral train and ghostly signals are visible. At one time the navvies hear the thunder of the approaching monster in their ears, and jump off the line in time to find—nothing. At another time an advancing train—a real one, this time —will be brought to a standstill by a waving red lamp, as non-existent as Aladdin's. The strange and inconvenient method of reappearance selected by this ghost cannot be too severely reprehended. In a world of morbid and sensational surroundings, we had kept our tunnels and junctions free from spiritual manifestations. Now we may expect any day to see Mr. Home floating through a cutting—to hear ghostly bells ringing at a terminus—perchance to see unearthly refreshments. Who would not hail the change with rapture—at Swindon? Besides, ghosts are not particular. It may be the green lamp seen next, and then against whom will the injured proceed for compensation?

THE BAA BAA CLUB;
BY A FROLICKING LAMB.

Air—"Rollicking Rams."

Button up your pea coats, put on high-heel'd boots;
Cut your front hair short, girls, light your mild cheroots:
Be like me, good for a spree,
Conventionalities scorning;
For I am a member of the frolicking lambs;
Come and be a member of the frolicking lambs!
The only girls to charm their "pals,"
And dance till early morning.
We scorn such things as natural hair,
Long dresses, crinoline;
Chignons high on our heads we wear
Of a colour that don't combine.
Come along, come along, come along!
For I am a member of the frolicking lambs;
Come and be a member of the frolicking lambs!
We dance all night, till broad daylight,
And never get home till morning.
Chorus—Yes, I will be a member, &c.

When once you are a member of the frolicking lambs,
Stick to real, and cut all shams,
Except champagne—good champagne—
Which tipple till early morning;
For every girl that's a frolicking lamb,
Can freely toss her glass of cham;
At balls on staircase sit and flirt,
Despite all chaperones' warning.
No husbands for us without they've tin:
With no younger sons we match;
Tho' they're all very well thro' a waltz to spin,
They're not the birds to catch.
Come along, come along, come along!
For I am a member of the frolicking lambs;
Come and be a member of the frolicking lambs!
We dance all night, till broad daylight,
And never get home till morning.

At the "Star and Garter" us lambs they know,
And to whitebait dinners we often go;
In drags to Ascot bowl along
On the jolly Cup Day morning.
With Quorn or Pytchley—hark, away!
For ditch or double we never stay;
A game of billiards also play,
All flukes and chance strokes scorning.
So now I'm sure you won't delay,
Nor my proposition snub;
But like fast girls of the present day,
Come and join the Baa Baa Club.
Come along, come along, come along!
For I am a member of the frolicking lambs;
Come and be a member of the frolicking lambs!
The only girls to charm their pals,
And dance till the day is dawning.

The Grumbler.

A NATIONAL disgrace? Well, I should rather say it was a national disgrace, and one the sooner that 'tis remedied the better. Would curb the liberty of the press? No, I wouldn't, I never said anything about the liberty of the press; but I do say that it is a national disgrace and a national scandal that cases in the Divorce Courts should be daily reported, minutely detailing evidence that, if published in a separate form, with fictitious names, would deservedly send a Holywell-street publisher to a couple of years' very different labour to that of selling illustrated editions of the lives of the *demi monde*. But how about facts patent to the world? Why treat them as "*patents*," and allow no one to deal with them except those whom they concerned. Why, only last week a publisher and others very properly got sentenced for printing and distributing for sale a publication, containing in itself articles not one jot more revolting or detrimental to the public mind and morals than the cases that for the last three weeks have been heard in the Divorce Courts, and, being faithfully reported, have sullied the pages of daily and weekly journals that, barring such reports, England may very justly be proud of. Intricate cases, involving subjects and matter of the utmost delicacy, must occasionally occur in such courts? Why, of course they must, and a great deal of indelicacy also;

but that is no reason why they should be printed and circulated for the amusement and edification of prurient gossips and scandal-mongers, and to the detriment of the mind and morals of the multitude. Why, you would not tolerate *Le Dame aux Camelias* on the stage, though Alexander Dumas fils himself made an affidavit before a commissioner, sent over to him especially, that he intended it to convey a moral. On the stage we very properly object to immorality in fiction, but permit—nay, encourage it, when a fact from the Divorce Courts—in the press. How prevent it? Simply enough. Empower the Judge to say such and such evidence is unfit for publication, and therefore to be withheld; or, that certain cases should only be reported in full, for special law books. All this is much better managed in France? Why, of course it is. Similar cases, if they ever have occurred there, may have been known, but certainly the details were never printed *in extenso* for general circulation, or with any idea that their publicity would be beneficial, or calculated to improve public morals. Very wrong to drag distinguished personages into such cases? Why, of course it is, more particularly when their interest in them—or rather connection with them—arises from the most ordinary and simple occurrence of mere acquaintanceship. Let us take a suppositionary case. Let us imagine, for instance, a case which for days may have fed the ever greedy appetites of the scandle-mongers. When it turns out (say happily in one sense, but alas! painfully heart-rending when one remembers the radiant youth and beauty of the *belle*, say but for a season or two ago,) that the respondent in a case is proved to be what Shakespeare has so equisitely termed—

"A ruined piece of nature,"

And having, alas! 'a *mind distract*," had shaped in fever such frightful charges against her very self, accusing, in a sad confession of imagined sins, those she but knew as friends or honoured as her Prince and Sovereign's son. 'Tis sad to think, that owing to the wild outpourings of a poor distracted brain, such personages are to be dragged before the world, and to have to

"—— Bear surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
Of that blunt monster with discordant head,"

yclept the public. No, in good truth, the sooner such things are stopped the better. They can do no possible good, and, besides much private annoyance, must be productive of an immensity of public harm.

Not going to throw open Chelsea Bridge free of toll? Of course not, nor Waterloo Bridge either. Why not? Ah! there you must inquire that of Mr. Ayrton, who, I believe, says Government cannot afford to make the people a present, nor allow them to purchase out of taxes their freedom to pass from one side of the Thames to the other just whenever they think proper. Ought to have neither bridge tolls or turnpikes throughout the country? Of course we ought not; but we have, and, what is more, shall continue to have while we have Liberal Governments who only think of passing one Irish Landlord Bill or other a session, keeping their places, and allowing all the old, effete, and worn-out abuses to cling and hang about the State like cobwebs, and never caring to buy even broom or duster to sweep or wipe 'em away; but, as Iago half sings:—

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He 'd ne'er have thought 'em sixpence dear
Had the nation well come down.

Ben Dizzy is of high renown;
The Exchequer 's but of Lowe degree;
Bright, the dullest 's out of town,
So Gladstone 's Glad as Glad can be.

But what has this to do with tolls,
Or what have tolls to do with thee?
I told thee once before that tolls
Throughout the land should all be free.

The Man Abroad.

Paris, *February 24th.*

THE result of the discussion on M. Jules Favre's interpolation relative to the Home policy of the Government has been a decided success for M. Ollivier and his colleagues. Originally expected to have lasted over the week, the debate may be practically said to have closed with Count Daru's speech on Tuesday, which elicited almost unanimous applause from every part of the House. Rarely in the history of the French Chamber, never since the foundation of the Second Empire, has a speech been delivered enunciating the determination of the Government to develope the public liberties, and to maintain public order in doing so. After his defence of the Government from the tedious and declamatory attacks of M. Jules Favre—who hardly knows where to sit in the Chamber, and whose better sense would prompt him to support the present Government if his restless love of strife did not keep him always a political Ishmael,—the sitting was suspended for a few minutes, and an order of the day brought forward by the Right and Left Centres, to the effect that "In view of the declarations, so clear and so straightforward, which have been made by the Ministry, and which are for France a pledge of order and liberty, the Chamber passes to the order of the day," was carried by 236 votes against 18. After this we shall probably not hear much more about the necessity for a dissolution; for it is clear, and has been all along, that the Government would be very wrong in throwing France into the fever-heat of another general election until the new electoral reforms have been completed, which cannot be until next year. An election at this moment would take place really, if not nominally, under the system of official candidature. There is too little fear of the majority of the Chambers being obstructive to Government, because they are equally anxious to avoid a fresh election; and with this fear before their eyes, they will probably co-operate (perhaps with a mental reservation, but still will co-operate) in the great work which the Cabinet of the 2nd of January have undertaken. The reforms which I spoke of last week as being of such primary importance are now either before the Chamber or will be so very shortly, and if the session is not frittered away in useless and unprofitable discussion of subjects which are of very third-rate consequence, we may fairly expect to have at least laid the foundations, solid and abiding, of a constitutional Government before the deputies are dismissed to the pleasant watering-places of their own and neighbouring countries. If only M.M. Raspail, Bancel, and Gambetta will continue to be ill, and if M. Rochefort remains in St. Pelagie, their work will be much facilitated. The Archduke Albert, of Austria, who is at present in Paris, was present at the debate on Monday in company with Prince Napoleon, and seemed much interested in the way in which parliamentary business is conducted with us, he never having been in France before. He is, of course, represented as holding a mission of great importance in reference to the Austro-French alliance. It may or may not be true, but at present there is only the assertion of the journalists, who would be certain to state it whether it were the case or not.

I am glad to hear that there is every probability of our being able to send letters to you, and *vice versâ*, for threepence instead of fourpence, which is a concession, though not a large one. It seems strange that when a letter may be sent from London to Kinsale or the Hebrides for one penny, why even threepence should be charged for one which goes only half the distance. Surely, with the *entente cordiale* which is supposed to exist between the two countries, there could be no difficulty in arranging the matter on terms more liberal than those proposed. Liberal papers talk of their love of free trade, and call every one who ventures to question the wisdom of all the affection being one side a knave or a fool,—I think that is the correct term, Mr. Bright, is it not?—yet here is an excellent opportunity for them to show their sincerity, especially as, I have reason to believe, the difficulty of effecting the alteration lies with them, not with our Government, which is ready enough to come to terms.

Speaking of postal arrangements, reminds me of the communication between the two countries, about which lately so much has been said and so little done. No doubt this state of things will continue, and in our time it is perhaps hopeless to expect any amelioration; yet, as far as Mr. Waring's plan of deepening the port at Dover, and of making a new one opposite it, just below Cape Gris-Nez, is concerned, there need be no great amount of time occupied, and of course, while the works were being done, the ferry boats which he intends to ply between them might be constructed. No one who has gone through the agony of the passage between Dover and Calais in bad weather, can fail to pray for the immediate adoption of his plans, which would entirely nullify the action of the waters; but it is to be feared that this consummation is remote, if one may judge of its probability by the fate which attends most similar undertakings *chez vous*. I conclude that there is little chance of Government taking the matter up, unless you could get the Cabinet on board one of the mail boats, and keep them coming and going between Dover and Calais for a fortnight or so. If they escaped with their lives from the ordeal, they would speedily take steps to give us better means of making each other's acquaintance. Whatever may be done with the ferry-boat scheme, I am convinced that the ultimate and permanent one will be the tunnel. Mont Cenis has set us the example, and as a careful survey has established the fact that at the bed of the Channel is a layer of rock, beneath which is a stratum of chalk, we have at once the former as a protector against the invasion of the sea, and the latter easy to burrow through. Under these circumstances, why do not the governments of the two countries come forward and guarantee to a competent company a return of so much per cent. on their capital expended? for it is a work of such inestimable importance to the two countries, that any direct pecuniary sacrifice is not to be weighed in the balance with the advantages it would confer.

Since my last letter we have lost a prominent member of our racing world in Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, nephew of the late head of the house, Baron James Rothschild, whose daughter (his cousin) he married, so that he was at once nephew and son-in-law. Being nearly blind, he could of course take little active part in sport, but he had a large stable of horses, and used to put the money down, not very often to take it up again, however, for he rarely won a good race. Speaking from recollection only, I think he never won any of the important events. His decease reminds me of a story of his uncle and the Princess Metternich. The latter's husband, during the late war between Prussia and Austria, sent his cheque for 100,000 francs to Rothschild's to get it cashed. As the Prussians were at that time almost at the gates of Vienna, the Baron declined to change it for the Prince, not knowing what an hour might bring forth. Some time afterwards Madame de Metternich called at the bank, and, having seen Alphonse, his son, was shown into the old gentleman's room. He, thinking she came to upbraid him for not having obliged her husband *in re* the cheque, commenced an apology, saying, of course, that he hoped it had not in any way inconvenienced them. Madame de M., however, cut him short by saying that it was of no inconvenience to them, but of very great to their tradespeople, and adding that it was not for that she had called. She produced a list of subscriptions for persons who had suffered from the late inundations of the Loire. The Baron looked over the list, and put his name down for 500 francs. The Princess did not look very well pleased when she saw the amount, and he, having noticed this, made a remark to that effect, on which Madame de Metternich pointed to the name above his (his son's), and said, "You see, M. le Baron, your son has given 500 francs." The Baron replied, "It is always very well for my son, because he has a father who is enormously wealthy, but I have not."

Undoubtedly the important event of the week has been the commencement of the sale of Prince Anatole Demidoff's magnificent collection of pictures, statuary, marbles, and every other kind of *objets d'art*. They have been removed here from his villa at San Donato, near Florence, where he had amassed them after years of labour and unremitting research. In this almost priceless collection—which includes Murillos, Velasques, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Tintorette, Ary Scheffer, Carlo Dolci, Delaroche, Bonington, *cum multis aliis*, are two gems by Titians, one representing "The Supper at Emmaus," a somewhat similar picture to that in the Louvre; the other a portrait of Guido Uboldo, Duke of Urbino, and his infant son. These will, doubtless, fetch "any price." The

sale began on Monday with the modern school. The top price was 83,000 frs. for Bonington's picture, "Henry IV. and the Spanish Ambassador." On Tuesday the sale continued, and was then adjourned until Saturday, when the pictures of the French school of the eighteenth century will be sold. On the 1st and 2nd of March the Italian, Flemish, German, and Spanish works will be disposed of; on the 6th and 7th the water colours, and afterwards the statues, &c. &c.

An old soldier of the First Empire, named *La Loupe*, died at Coblent the other day, where he had long filled the office of beadle in the cathedral. Was it not Victor Hugo, who in his "Guide du Rhin" suggested that he might have been descended from the Ducs du Bouillon? At all events, there is no doubt now but that the sacrifice is *consommé*.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

AGAIN I am compelled, in consequence of the barrenness of this week and the next, to hold my prophetic hand. With the certainty of depriving my readers of no great treat by declining to address them from the Nottingham hustings, I shall reserve myself to Liverpool, when I hope to make up for my enforced silence during the past fortnight.

FORECAST.

In the Arena.

THE ice has now entirely disappeared from both the Cam and Isis, so the two crews are again in practice. Mr. Houblon continues to stroke the Oxford boat, but we doubt much whether, when Messrs. Tinnè and Benson take their places in the boat, he will continue to do so, as, to our mind, he is not nearly so good a man for the post as Mr. Tahourdin. Opinions are very divided among the critics at Oxford as to whether the crew will turn out better than an average one; for our part, we consider the men that will eventually be selected quite capable of upholding the honour of the Isis. The Cambridge crew has been the last few days stroked by Mr. J. H. Ridley instead of Mr. Goldie, who has been removed to No. 6 in the boat, we presume only temporarily, as Mr. Goldie is the finest oarsman in both the crews. Altogether, the Cambridge boat will be far superior to those they have turned out of late years, and they have a fair chance of at length winning again the blue riband of the Thames.

Harry Kelly has again been challenged to row by the northerners—this time in open boats—and he has accepted the challenge. When will he cease his long career as a rower? Surely time must be now telling on his severely-tried constitution, and the inevitable result in future must be defeat. This time we cannot see any earthly reason for such a match, as, if he wins, he won't be left in peace, but be immediately challenged by some "canny northern" to row in wash-tubs or barges, as a variety. If we were his confidential friends, instead of merely some of his most sincere and ardent admirers, we would use all our endeavours to prevent his again rowing for wagers, for surely he has done enough for both fame and honour in his long career as a public man.

The circular that has been issued by the hon. secretary of the Amateur Athletic Club to its members shows a thorough determination to keep the club alive. The grounds at Lillie Bridge have been enlarged, by taking down the paling at the back of the pavilion, and the Atlas Hotel now has a private entrance from the grounds to billiard-rooms, baths, &c.; a complete riding track is in the course of formation outside the running-path. Messrs. Tattersall, we believe, contemplate erecting some fifty loose boxes at the back of the hotel, next the railway siding, for horses on sale, who can be exercised on the riding-track. The cricket ground will be open for practice on the 1st April, and it is understood that the Middlesex County Matches will be played here instead of at the Islington ground, as formerly. The University Athletic Sports will take place at these grounds, in addition to all the crack London meetings (with the exception of the Civil Service, who will keep to Beaufort House). If all our information turns out correct, the Lillie Bridge grounds will be one of the most fashionable places of resort during the ensuing spring and summer.

The few athletic meetings that have been held during this week have not been very successful; indeed, the sport has been poor in the extreme, chiefly owing to the bad weather. The reporter to a contemporary, in his version of the Peterhouse sports at Cambridge, makes the remark that the times were poor, and not up to the usual form; yet we notice that in his report of the 100 yards race, he returns the time on heavy ground as 10¾ seconds: if this was genuine, there will be no question as to who could win the 100 yard races of the ensuing season: but we do not believe there is an amateur in existence who could do the time on heavy ground, and very few on a good day, with a wind behind their back. The Barnes Football Club have issued their programme for a meeting on the 26th March. As it is the earliest metropolitan fixture of standing, it is pretty sure to have large entries; as the atheletes will like to try their form in public prior the other meetings, which follow soon after.

The Eton College Annual Steeple Chase came off on Wednesday, over a course of about three miles. A field of about a dozen started, who kept well together for some distance, when Messrs. Longman, Forbes, and Fountaine came out, and ran home in the following order, viz.:—Forbes, 1; Fountaine, 2; Longman, 3. Time, 16 min. 10 sec.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If you would study this aright,
Go visit Altcar's plains,
What time, rejoicing in his might,
'Gainst leash the greyhound strains.
I think you 'll own yourself, at night,
Rewarded for your pains.

1.

To every man it may befall to take himself a wife;
Not every one can thus escape the cares of married life.

2.

No longer now the sailor fears
The pirate's dreaded hail;
Nor from these walls do women "mark
"The track of the destroying bark,
"And thrice-accursed sail."

3.

Was it affection, or was it abuse,
When his father called him "a hind let loose?"
Better a hind, perhaps, than a goose.

4.

A name last Session that we often heard;
A clever doctor; and a noisy bird.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC IN LAST NUMBER.

B a R
A delph I
C or N
K e G
E l M
R ou É
S eparatio N

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED:—Professor; R. R.; John; Captain; Midas; A.; Whisperer.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring	1, 2	Kingsbury	17, 18
Hertfordshire	2, 3, 4	Warwick Spring	22, 23, 24
Liverpool Spring	8, 9, 10	Brentwood	24
Streatham	11, 12	Enfield	25
Pontefract & W. Riding	14, 15	Epsom Spring	29, 30
Cambridgeshire	14, 15	Baldoyle Steeplechases	30, 31
Co. Down Steeplechases	15, 16	Bromley	31, 1
West Somerset Steeplechases	16, 17	Cheltenham Steeplechases	31, 1
G. Millitary & Rugby H.	16, 17		

APRIL.

Northampton	5, 6	Kingsbury	18, 19
Southdown Hunt	6	Kildare Hunt	19, 20
Thirsk Spring	7, 8	Hambledon	22
West Drayton Spring	7, 8	Lewes Spring	26, 27
Aldershot Steeplechases	7, 8	Croydon Spring	28, 29
Durham	18, 19	Rothbury	28
Newmarket Craven	18–22		

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring	2—6	Baldoyle	17, 18
Chester	10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring	19, 20
Winchester	10, 11	Harpenden	20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.	10, 11	Bath	24, 25
Salisbury	12, 13	Croydon 1st Summer	26
Chelmsford	17, 18	Stamford	26, 27
York Spring	17, 18	Epsom Summer	31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye	7	Newcastle-on-Tyne	21, 22, 23
Manchester	8, 9, 10	Newton Summer	22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer	8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer	23, 24
Ascot	14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club	29
Windsor June	21, 22	Stockbridge	30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July	5, 6	Reading	12, 13
Newmarket July	5, 6, 7, 8	West Drayton Summer	14, 15
Sutton Park Summer	5, 6	Knutsford	15, 16
Worcester	7, 8	Huntingdon	19, 20
Pontefract Summer	11, 12	Kingsbury Summer	21, 22
Nottingham July	12, 13	Goodwood	26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST.

Brighton	2, 3	Bromley	16, 17
Tiverton	3, 4	Stockton	17, 18, 19
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18, 19
Lewes	5, 6	York August	23, 24, 25
Egham	9, 10	Plymouth	25, 26
Wolverhampton	9, 10	Scarborough	29, 30
Windsor August	11, 12	Derby Summer	30, 31
Radcliffe	12, 13	Weymouth	30, 31
Lichfield	16, 17		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6, 7	Hendon	22, 23
Abingdon	8, 9	Western Meeting at Ayr	21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept.	13, 14, 15, 16	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27–30
Hampton Autumn	20, 21	Lanark	29, 30
Richmond	20, 21		

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4¼ miles)	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles)	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2¼ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

A JOURNEY FROM EXETER TO LONDON IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As you admit into your columns the chronicles of the cosmopolite, as well as the leaden lines of the tourist, I fancy that the following quaint letter, being an extract from our family archives, will not prove unacceptable to a certain section of your readers, who, like the greedy trout, when recovering from a May-fly surfeit, rise with avidity at the tiny gnat.

"If sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked," was the saying of a merry fat gentleman who lived in days of yore, loved a glass of wine, would make merry with a friend, and, not unfrequently, had an unlucky fancy for a wench of the Doll Tear-sheet school. But if loving good wine, admiring a charming woman, and hating a monk, bring banishment and the chance of an eternal guilt, then may mercy reach some poor devils of my acquaintance!

The witty Rochester, writing to his friend Saville, says,—"Let your well-discerning palate travel from cellar to cellar, and then from piece to piece, till it has lighted on Wine fit for its noble choice and my approbation." . . . . "As ever thou dost hope to out-do *Machiavel*, or equal me, send some good wine! so may thy wearied soul at last find rest, no longer hovering 'twixt the unequal choice of politicks and lewdness! May'st thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy domestick wit; belov'd and cherish'd for thy foreign interest and

intelligence." *My* ancestor, as his diary plainly shows, dearly loved rare *October* as pale as *Sack*, as soft as *Sherry*, and as strong as *Brandy,—rare beer indeed,*—and was accustomed to say, "Herein lies my part a." That this quaint narrative may interest, or at least amuse, is the hope of your humble servant,

CEDRIC THE SAXON.

"As it is common for all Persons when deprived of a certain Happiness, to use all Endeavours to make their loss less grievous; so, sir, though I am by the Distance between us, deprived of the Pleasure of your Company, give me leave to keep up the Friendship between us, by an Epistolary correspondence; and having little else to write to you, shall only send you a short Account of what occurred the most remarkable in my Journey to London. Tho', sir, you may think that we have all the News in Town, yet favour me with a Letter, and draw me from the Inquietude and Fears of being by Absence blotted from your Memory.

"In our first Day's Journey nothing signal befell us, save that the Coachman stopt at least a dozen Times to drink and light his pipe. Furthermore, a hard shower of Rain fell upon us five Miles from Dorchester, but wet us not, we being in the Stage-Coach; we dined this day upon a Leg of Mutton and Spinage, and had good Southam Cyder.

"As soon as we came to our Inn, I took a view of Dorchester. It has a Market-House in the Middle of it, and there is a River running by it, in which it is credibly reported there are some Fish. We supped this Night upon a Neck of Mutton and Broth, and some rare OCTOBER as pale as *Sack*, and as soft as *Sherry*, and as strong as *Brandy—Rare Beer indeed!*

"When we came to Piddle Town, they brought us some run Wine; it was small and sour, so that I (being also fasting) could not drink above a Quart thereof. When we came to Blandford I also took a view thereof, it has also a Market-House in the Center, and a River running by it, near unto which, there is a store of Meadow-Ground; I saw there a very comely bay Gelding, came of the String-halt—it was a thousand pities. We dined this day, upon a good fat Gammon and Greens, and had moreover excellent *October*.

"We stopt in Cranbourn Chase, at a small Hut upon the high way; where I gulped a thwacking Glass of rare French Brandy, and eat a Biscuit; the ways here are very good, being all upon the Down, and you see on every side Flocks of Sheep: we dined this day upon Beef and Carrots, the October not strong enough.

"When we came to Salisbury, I walked into the Market-Place and round it, for at least a quarter of an Hour, because I would be able to give a good account of this City. It lies low, and has water about it; it has a large market-place, and they say, they have a brave large church, but our Beer at the Inn was very bad—we supped this Night, on Bacon and Fowls—the *October* stark enough.

"Stockbridge is famous for store of Fish, upon which, I concluded before I saw it, that it had a good River near it, and it proved so. Here I drank some bottled Ale and a Dram after it; excellent French Brandy! Sutton has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor, little, ordinary Town. We dined this Day, upon a Hog's Face and a couple of Rabbits—*No good Beer!*

"Basingstoke stands upon the side of a Hill, and near it there is a Common; there is also, hard by, a Deer Park, belonging to some great Duke, but I know not who it may be, it is like he has a Place at Court, for they say he seldom lives here: here we drank a Dram, and I jogged on.

"We lay at Hertford Bridge. It stands close by a good Heath, twenty miles over, for aught I know to the contrary; my Landlady was a widow woman, and a very good woman she was—*I never supped better in my Life-time.*

"We had Bacon and Eggs, and a roasted Turkey, and some good brown Beer—As we went through the aforesaid Heath, we saw a Gibbet where a Highwayman had been hanged—*may they all come to the same untimely Fate!*

"Egham is a long town, not worth the Pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest: there are two or three Inns in it, but never a market-house: here I first saw the River Thames—and a lovely sweet River it is—we dined at Tim Harris's; we had a Leg of boiled Pork and Turnips, and some curious Red Port; the Maid of the House knew me, but I pretended not to know her, for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us Travellers, to carry our wits about us.

"Brentford is the longest Town I ever saw, it stands upon the aforesaid River Thames, and has a market-house in it—Her I saw sitting upon a Bench in the Street, a grave, fat, old Gentleman, with whiskers and a Fur cap; he had likewise on, a long, grave Coat; I bowed to him, taking him to be the Mayor of the Town, but they told me he was a Waterman past Business—Here I drank half a pint of Lisbon—*very good!*

"Beyond Hammersmith, I began to see a great many fine Houses on both sides of the aforesaid River Thames; I was surprised to hear that many of them belonged to Tradesmen in the City; for I thought they all belonged to noble Dukes. Just as we came into Hammersmith, a wheel broke off from the Coach, and while it was mending, I went to an Alehouse, where I asked the Tapster several questions about the Place, and the People; as well knowing that we Travellers should improve ourselves. He proved in conversation to be an understanding Lad, for I found he had been once at a Grammar School; so when I paid for my Pint of Ale, I gave him a Penny over and above for himself. *The Ale here was but poor stuff.* The Country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of people.

"At Kensington the King has a fine House, and large Garden. Here are also several other Gardens very fine; but (more shame is theirs) they sell whatever they produce. The Ale here is dark enough. We went through Hide Park to London, which is as pretty a Piece of Road as ever Crow flew over.

"London, is certainly the greatest City upon Earth; at least there is nothing like it in Devonshire; but our Beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as Bull's Blood, and as thick as mustard. Every thing is shamefully dear here; you pay half a Crown or three Shillings for a Chicken, which, with us, would not yield above a Groat or Fivepence; but they have so many Customers, that they ask and have just what they please. You see a great many Coaches standing in the street ready to be hired, and they will carry a Beggar for his money, as soon as a Lord, and sooner; for they say, that Persons of Quality instead of paying the Coachman do often run him through the Body, and it seems there is no Law against Lords, which is the Reason that Persons of Quality are greater than any sort of men whatsoever. These Coaches are very convenient, if they were not so confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three Doors, he will have a Shilling; whereas in our Country, you may have a couple of Horses a dozen Miles for half a Crown.

"The Houses are all built of Brick, and for the most Part one House holds several Families: so fond are People of living in London, notwithstanding the Badness of the drink!

"Here are also hireling Chairs; they are covered with black Leather and brass Nails, and have fine Sashed Windows and a Sashed Door, and fine silk Curtains, and a rare soft Cushion; one of them is carried by two short Fellows, with no Heels to their Shoes, they use two long Poles, and pace along with wonderful Expedition. *These Chairs too are devilish dear.*

"There are here Houses called Chocolate-houses, covered all over with Sconces and Looking-glasses. Hither Gentlemen who have nothing to do, but to dress themselves, repair to shew their fine Clothes; it is worth while to see a whole Row of those Beaus sit looking at one another, or at themselves; or if they do any thing else, it is only to swear and take Snuff, or to play at Dice, and then all the while they play, they are constantly damning themselves. It is almost become a Proverb here, in London, that all your fine Fellows, are prodigiously ignorant, and prodigiously wicked; insomuch, that they are the Jest of Men of Wit, and pitied by Men of Virtue, and shunned by both.

"There is a fine River running by London full of Ships and Boats; one of these Boats will carry you for Sixpence, and some of them for Threepence a great way; and it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the Abuse and ugly Language you meet with; for the People upon the Water will affront you to your Teeth, and call you a hundred Names, though you do not say a Word to them: it is to no Purpose to be angry, or to threaten them; they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the Boat and to box with several of those Saucy Fellows, but not one of them would accept of my Challenge; nay, the Women are as bad as the Men. *The more Shame is theirs!*

"I went to see St. Paul's Church (which is almost as big as a Town, and much taller) to see my Lord Mayor. He was an elderly Man in a red Gown, pretty fat, and slept all the time of divine Service; for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become a Magistrate like him, to have reproved the People for walking about the Church, as they did, and talking about their own worldly affairs.

"Westminster Hall is a vast great Room, where Law and Justice have been bought so dear, that one had oftener better go without them. The Lawyers stroll about here, and look devilish sharp and greedy for Fees. There are in the Hall other Toymen besides Lawyers, and they will sell you their Baubles at treble Prices, so there is nothing but biting on all Hands,

"Not far from hence, is the House of Commons. I went to see it, and to see the manner of their Proceedings, and came away very much dissatisfied; for a dozen Members talked at a time, and I could not understand a Word of the Debate. I also visited the House of Lords; there, indeed I perceived more Order, but neither heard, nor saw any thing remarkable, but some grave Folks in odd Habits.

"There is a Street in London called Drury-lane, which is a very scandalous Place, being for the most Part inhabited by filthy lewd Women, and yet is frequented by great Men, and grave Citizens. It is therefore, no Wonder, these shameless Jades wear fine Clothes and gold Watches.

"In this great City they are quite another thing, than what they are out of it; insomuch, that he who will be great with you in the Country, will scarce pull of his Hat to you in London. I once dined at Exeter with a couple of Judges, and they talked to me there, and drank my Health, and we were very familiar together; so when I saw them again, passing through Westminster Hall, I was glad of it, with all my Heart, and ran to meet them with a broad smile, and asked them how they did, and to Shake Hands with them; but they looked at me so coldly, and so proudly, as you cannot imagine, and did not seem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my mind to myself. At another time I was at the Play-house (which is a rare Place for Mirth, and Music, and Dancing) and being in the Pit, saw in one of the Boxes a Member of Parliament of our Country, with whom I have been as great as Hand and Glove; so being overjoy'd to see him, I called to him aloud by his Name, and asked him how he did; but instead of saluting me again, or making any manner of Answer, he looked plaguy sour, and never opened his Mouth; though when he is in the Country, he is as merry a Grig as any in fifty Miles, and we have cracked many a Bottle together.

"Thus, my good Friend, I have given to you so long an Account of my Journey, that I fear I have tired you; but never mind it, when I come down, I'll tell you as much more, when we sit over a Bottle and can find no other Subject to talk of. Till which Time I tell you plainly that I am

"YOUR FRIEND AND HUMBLE SERVANT."

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Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Last Night of the Pantomime.—This Evening her Majesty's servants will perform Sheridan Knowles's play of THE WIFE. Julian St. Pierre, Mr. T. C. King. Supported by Messrs. Barrett, Howard, M'Intyre, Moreland, C. Moore; Misses Edith Stuart and Hudspeth. To conclude with the grand Pantomime, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. Musical director, Mr. W. C. Levy. Ballet master, Mr. J. Cormack. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

MR. T. C. KING will appear in the character of JULIAN ST. PIERRE, in Sheridan Knowles's Play of THE WIFE, this Evening.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE (this Saturday, 26th) of the Grand Pantomime of BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. Doors open at half-past one, commence at two. Children and schools at reduced prices to the following parts of the theatre:—First circle, dress circle, and stalls. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or, Harlequin Old Mother Bunch. Written by E. L. Blanchard. The characteristic scenery by Mr. Wm. Beverley.—THIS EVENING, at nine. Last night.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP-O'-DAY, the great Irish Romantic and Sensational Drama, on MONDAY NEXT, Feb. 28.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP-O'-DAY.—Entire Change of Performance.—A new Farce, PHOBUS'S FIX, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will perform. After which, at 7.45, the Irish Romantic Drama, PEEP-O'-DAY, in which the entire strength of the Company will appear. The Pattern Fair and Faction Fight, illustrated by three hundred auxiliaries. The characteristic scenery by Mr. William Beverley. The Drama produced under the personal direction of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. On MONDAY NEXT, Feb. 28.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—Madame LAURA BAXTER'S GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL, on the Evening of ASH WEDNESDAY, March 2, 1870, at the above theatre, to commence at Seven o'clock precisely. Rossini's STABAT MATER, the entire work under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Selection from the ANCIENT MARINER, under the direction of the Composer, Mr. John Francis Barnett. To be followed by a GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, of which particulars will shortly be announced. The following eminent Artistes will appear:—Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Banks, Miss Robertine Henderson and Madame Emmeline Cole, Miss Poole and Miss Berry-Greening, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mr. Arthur Byron and Mr. Frank Elmore, Herr Carl Stepan, Mr. Harley Vinning and Mr. M. Maybrick. Pianoforte, Miss Matilda Baxter and Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Miss Katharine Poyntz and Miss Blanche Reeves, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Reed Larwell and Mr. Wallace Wells, Mr. G. Renwick and Mr. Chaplin Henry, Mr. George Honey. Pianoforte, Miss Emma Barnett and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton and Mr. John Cheshire. Full orchestra, strengthened by eminent artistes from the Opera Houses, Sacred Harmonic Society, Crystal Palace, &c. Leader of the orchestra, Mr. J. T. Willy. Principals: MM. Wiener, Thaddeus Wells, Waud, Aylward, Radcliffe, Crozier, West, J. A. Owen, Chisholm, Laurence, Chattaway, Bartlett, &c. Conductors, Mr. C. J. Hargitt and Mr. John F. Barnett. The St. Cecilia Choral Society of 120 voices. Accompanyists: Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr Frank Mori, Signor Zerbini, &c. Tickets may be obtained at the theatre, and of all Librarians and Musicsellers. Private boxes from £1 1s to £5 5s.; stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; first circle, 4s.; balcony, 3s.; pit, 2s.; lower gallery, 1s.; upper gallery, 6d. No half-price. Box-office open from ten till five daily. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET —MR. SOTHERN'S Reappearance in the character of Lord Dundreary, for Seven Nights only, in consequence of the production of a Rustic Comedy on Monday, Feb. 28, by H. T. Craven, Esq. Mr. Buckstone will resume his original character of Asa Trenchard.—THIS EVENING, at Seven, A KISS IN THE DARK. After which, at 7.40, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN: Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss E. Hill, &c. Concluding with DEAF AS A POST: Mr. Compton and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Great success of the new and original Adelphi Drama, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," &c., called "The Nightingale." Third Appearance at this Theatre of Mr. Henry J. Byron in his popular new Comic Drama of "Not such a Fool as he Looks." The late Robert Brough's new and original Farce, "Open to Conviction." Every Evening.—THIS EVENING, at seven, OPEN TO CONVICTION. Characters by Messrs. G. Belmore, C. H. Stephenson, J. D. Beveridge, C. J. Smith, Miss Lennox Grey, and Mrs. Leigh Murray. After which, at 7.45, third time at this Theatre, Mr. H. J. Byron's new and original Comic Drama, NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS: Sir Simon Simple, Mr. Henry J. Byron; Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. C. H. Stephenson; Miss Lavis (her third appearance), Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Maria Harris. To be followed by the popular Adelphi Drama, in five acts, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," "Society," &c., entitled THE NIGHTINGALE. Characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, J. D. Beveridge, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Caulfield, and Miss Furtado. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

THE NIGHTINGALE, the new and original Drama, by T. W. Robertson, Author of "Caste," "Society," "School," &c.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

MR. H. J. BYRON, THIS EVENING, in his popular personation of SIR SIMON SIMPLE.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

OPEN TO CONVICTION, a glorious new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough.—EVERY EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Under the Management of the Messrs. Mansell (elegantly redecorated by MacIntosh).
THIS EVENING, the performances will commence at half-past seven, with TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER: Messrs. Coghlan, Odell, Wilmot; Mesdames Rignold and Morgan. After which, a three-act Opera Bouffe, in English, entitled CHILPERIC, by Hervé, in which the following powerful company will appear:—Messrs. M. Marius (from the Folies Dramatiques, Paris), G. Vincent, J. Odell, E. Lapierre, Farquharson, Coghlan, and M. Hervé; Mesdames Dolaro, Fitzlinman, Romanelli, Nellie Nesbitt, M. Dolby, S. Rignold, S. Lawson, L. Morgan, J. Lee, D'Etienne, B. Linden, L. Wilson, R. Egerton, Lily Bell, and Emily Muir. Band and chorus selected from the Opera Houses. Conductor, Mr. Frank Musgrave. Groupings and Ballet by Milano. Dresses by Mr. S. May and assistants. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open daily, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver—her Farewell Season at this Theatre. 7.30, LOVE'S DOCTOR; 9.0, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN and RELY ON MY DISCRETION. Mr. Vernon.

ASTLEY'S.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), Feb. 26.

ASTLEY'S.—The GREAT TRAGEDIANS.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. PHELPS.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. C. HARCOURT.

ASTLEY'S.—TO-NIGHT, OTHELLO.

ASTLEY'S.—OTHELLO, Mr. PHELPS.

ASTLEY'S.—IAGO, Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—CASSIO, Mr. HARCOURT.

ASTLEY'S.—DESDEMONA, Mrs. VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—E. T. SMITH has the honour to announce ENGAGEMENTS with the above TALENTED ARTISTES and a first-rate Company. They will appear this (Saturday) evening, Feb. 26. No increase of prices. Pit, 1s., &c.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gordon and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby, Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby every evening.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Places can be booked a fortnight in advance. Box-office open daily from ten till five.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss MARIE WILTON.—THIS EVENING at eight o'clock, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson, the author of "Society," "Ours," "Caste," and "Play." Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination. Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30, DEAREST MAMMA. Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B. Wilton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison. Box-office hours eleven till five.

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